

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“If a man bringeth forth good works he hearkeneth unto the voice of the good shepherd, and he doth follow him; but whosoever bringeth forth evil works, the same becometh a child of the devil, for he hearkeneth unto his voice, and doth follow him.”
BOOK OF MORMON, ALMA 5:41.

No. 34, Vol. 91

Thursday, August 22, 1929

Price One Penny

EARLY DAY EVENTS IN CANYON COUNTRY

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

[THE following account of pioneer life and experiences, by President Anthony W. Ivins, which has attracted wide interest, is reprinted from the May number of *Arizona Highway*, a special edition issued in commemoration of the opening of the mammoth bridge across the Colorado river at Lee's Ferry.—*Deseret News*.]

On the twenty-second day of October, 1875, fifty-three years ago, I first came into the Kaibab forest. At that time it was commonly known as the Buckskin mountain because of the fact that the Indians brought many deer skins into the settlements for trade which were taken from deer killed upon this mountain. The Indians who occupied the mountains were the Kaibab branch of the Piute tribe. The word “Kaibab” in the Indian dialect means a mountain which lies down, or freely translated, flat top mountain. The forest was at that time, as now, the home of many deer.

I came here on horseback. From the time that my legs were long enough to reach across the back of a horse I was in the saddle until I reached the age of middle life. On that trip which brought me here I crossed the Colorado at Lee's Ferry when the crossing was very dangerous. We went through what is now the States of Arizona and New Mexico, the northern part of Texas, and down into the interior of Mexico. We traveled three thousand miles, were nine months in making the trip, and I did not sleep in a bed on the entire trip, which was not carried on the back of a horse, so that you will understand some of the hardships which we experienced at the time.

There was not a mile of railroad of any kind in the State of New Mexico, in Arizona, southern Utah, northern Texas or in southern California. Had I or any other person suggested at the time that good roads would be constructed into this then remote region, that people would come from all parts of the world to gaze upon and admire its beauty and grandeur, that the journey would be made from the then outposts of civilization to this point in a single day, that a palatial hotel would be erected here for the accommodation and comfort of guests, he would have been regarded as either a harmless dreamer or a dangerous lunatic; but notwithstanding this, we who have lived through this period see all of this and more accomplished.

Roads made by men thread the world. We travel over them now on bands of steel, in luxurious motor cars, or through the air. Only yesterday our roads were mere trails, blazed by fearless, intrepid men through unknown forests, over snow-clad mountains and across trackless deserts. The romance and tragedy of these old trails will never be told or written. It cannot be, because the men who made unrecorded history along these devils ways have long since gone to tread the paths of another world, leaving little of recorded history behind them.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

The lure of gold, the lust of conquest, the uncontrollable desire of man to penetrate unknown fields for new discovery, the devotion of a Jesuit priest or Friar of the Order of San Francisco to carry the cross to the unbelieving heathen regardless of the sacrifice involved, and freedom from religious and political thralldom, are among the impulses which have moved men to depart from the beaten paths and enter new and untried fields, whether it be in science, sociology, or the discovery and colonization of unknown parts of the earth's surface. It is the spirit of the pioneer which prompts finite man to reach out in his endeavour to penetrate the infinite.

On these old trails men have perished from thirst in summer and from cold and lack of food in winter, have been massacred by savages, have killed each other for possession of the precious fluid contained in the water holes scattered along the way, and murdered for the gold taken from the hills through which the trails passed. Young men and maidens have plighted their faith as they traveled over them; mothers have given birth to children; and holy men have sacrificed their lives for religion's sake. No one can tell the story as time and fate have recorded it.

Who was the first to enter and explore this intermountain country I do not know. Father Escalante, so far as we are aware, was the first white man to pass through the neighbourhood where we now are. He left Santa Fe, New Mexico, with the intention of blazing a trail through to California. Reaching Utah Lake he

turned south and finally decided to return to his starting point, which he reached after experiencing many hardships. In his return he crossed the Colorado at the Vado de los Padres, about thirty miles above Lee's Ferry, just east of us.

Lewis and Clark went up the Missouri and down to the mouth of the Columbia in 1803-1806, more than two years having been consumed in making a journey which we now accomplish in as many days.

In 1832 Captain Bonneville wintered on the Salmon River in Idaho, and in the same year Nathaniel Wythe, the first white man to cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, established Fort Hall.

In 1823 Jedediah Smith, with a small party of trappers, explored the Salt Lake basin, traveled south on the route which we followed in coming to this place until he reached the Rio Virgin, which he followed down to its junction with the Colorado, where he crossed into what is now the state of Arizona—the first white man, so far as we are aware. Four years later William Wolfskill, with a small party, went over the same route, leaving the Rio Virgin and skirting across the desert to Las Vegas, in Nevada, and through the Cajon Pass to California.

THE "MORMON" COLONIZERS

The first effective effort made to colonize and develop community life in the Rocky Mountain region was by the "Mormon" pioneers. It is true that others had passed over the road before; isolated forts and trading posts had been established, but no one had come with the intention of remaining and making homes in this inhospitable part of the great west.

When the pioneers first entered what is now the southern part of Utah and northern Arizona, it was a wild, uninviting part of our country, the hunting ground of the Ute, the Pinte and the Navajo, and when these men saw the white man come with his covered wagon and plow, so forcibly portrayed by Emerson Hough, with his flocks and herds to eat their grass, and our civilization to frighten away the game which abounded, they naturally resented our encroachment. Eternal vigilance was the price of safety, and even then we were never safe.

Food and clothing were indispensable, and these could be obtained from cultivation of the soil and from our flocks and herds. They gave us food with which to sustain our bodies, clothing with which to cover them. They became our most cherished possessions, and like Israel of old we became a pastoral people. Little attention could be given to the professions and other occupations by which men now accumulate wealth.

It was in this environment that my early life was spent. I, too, became a tender of flocks and herds, first for others and later for myself, and it was under these circumstances, in constant con-

tact with men of like occupation, that the ideals and aspirations which have governed my life were formed. They were men of few words, these silent riders of the hills and the plains, men of unsurpassed courage, but with hearts as tender as the hearts of women where acts of mercy and service were required, as was often the case. Profoundly religious, they held in reverential aspect the religion of others. Not many audible prayers were said by them, but when the day's work was finished and the blankets spread down for the night, many petitions went up to the Throne of Grace in gratitude for blessings received and others desired.

TRUE PIONEER CHARACTERISTICS

These are some of the characteristics of a pioneer man whom I admired very much :

He was not an egotist whose vision was confined to his own restricted environment. He knew that other men found the Lord in temples built with hands just as he felt Him near, here under the stars in the solitude of these everlasting hills. He was not a Pharisee, who magnified the faults of his fellowmen while blind to his own shortcomings, but one who, acknowledging his own imperfections, spread the mantle of charity over those of his neighbour.

He was not one who sought the downfall of his neighbour that he might rise to greater heights, but just a brave, plain-spoken man, who asked only to be left to follow his own faith and occupation, knowing that the Lord is knocking at the door of the hearts of all men, and that if they will only leave the latch string on the outside, as it always hung on his cabin door, the Lord will come in and bring peace to their souls.

The canyon below us and the mountain above have witnessed scenes more pathetic, more tragic than those told by any book-maker. The trees, the grass, the animals and the living springs of water teach lessons which cannot be taught in any university where the student has not had personal contact with them. Battles with Indians have been fought not far from where we are to-night.

The tragedies of the canyon are many. On the 24th day of May, 1876, Lorenzo W. Roundy was drowned while attempting to cross the river at Lee's Ferry. In 1889 Frank M. Brown was drowned while endeavouring to make a survey of the canyon, with a view of constructing a railroad through it. Five days later Peter Hashborough, a member of the Brown party, was drowned and the undertaking abandoned.

Probably the most pathetic tragedy was the death of O. G. and Seneca Howland and William H. Dunn. These men were a part of those who accompanied Major Powell on his first voyage of

exploration down the canyon. They left the major, declaring that they preferred the risk of climbing the sheer walls of the canyon and attempting to reach the settlements, believing that it would be impossible to survive in a further attempt to pass through the gorge. The major offered to release any who desired to go with the two brothers, and Dunn left with them. When they reached the cliffs, far above the river, they waved farewell to the major as he pushed his boats off into the rapids. A few days after the major reached his journey's end the Howland brothers and Dunn reached the rim of the canyon, where they were killed by Shevitt Indians.

My association with the mountains and woods has brought much of happiness and joy to me, as well as sorrow. This story, which I will relate in closing, may be of interest to you.

IN A MOUNTAIN VALLEY

One evening we drove into a mountain valley through which a stream flowed to the north. Following it about two miles, it dropped into a deep canyon. There was no road, and the descent was steep and rough, but by careful driving we reached the bottom in safety at a point where the canyon widened out and two streams came together. In the forks of these streams on a spot of high ground covered with grass and shaded by scattered pine trees, we established camp. The stream was bordered with willows and there were meadows on either side, upon which cattle were grazing, while the mountain sides were covered with vari-coloured flowers. We unhitched our horses, hobbled and put bells on them and turned them out to graze, gathered some wood, pitched our tent, and by the time darkness set in were ready for the night.

It was a beautiful night. The full moon rose over the ridges to the east and looked down through the pines like a great searchlight, illuminating the canyon until it was almost as light as day. Trout splashed in the stream, frogs croaked and crickets chirped incessantly. Myriads of insects fluttered round our camp fire, many of them to be caught in the flames and destroyed. Night hawks drummed as they passed swiftly through the air in pursuit of the insects upon which they fed.

From the top of the giant dead pine just across the creek a horned owl hooted, and away on the mountain side a coyote howled dismally. From the top of a juniper tree, just above camp, a mocking bird sang as only a mocking bird sings on a moonlight night. Changing rapidly he imitated all of the notes known to his feathered companions and many peculiar only to himself. His song was like a medley of old melodies. A whip-poorwill called from the bushes near camp and was answered by another far away, and off down the canyon we heard the bark of a grey wolf.

I thought, as I contemplated it all, to-night in the great city, the electric lights are converting night into day, as the moon is the canyon here. The human beasts of prey are there, too, and come out from their hiding places in the darkness, seeking whom they may devour. The human moths are also there, fluttering around the light, many of them to be caught in its flames and destroyed. And I thought, how alike we are, how like man nature is and man like nature, with this exception: There in the great city it is all the result of studied design, while here in the wilds it is the spontaneous response of every living thing to the call of nature.

The following morning the sun rose warm and radiant. There was not a cloud in the sky. We walked up to the juniper tree where the mocking bird was singing and carefully drawing aside the inner branches found a nest there with the mother bird upon it. She only flew when we almost touched her, and then just to a branch of the dead pine across the creek from which she scolded us for our intrusion. There were four young mocking birds in the nest, little fluffy things with big heads and wide open mouths. As soon as we left the nest the mother bird returned to it, while the male, from his perch on the dead pine, sang as though his throat would split.

SUDDEN CALM—A WESTERN STORM

We fished down the stream, taking a trout from behind a rock here, a riffle there or under a willow yonder, the fish taking the fly as I had never known them to do before. Just below camp we disturbed a wild turkey hen and her brood that were scratching on the river bottom and they scrambled up the mountain side and took refuge in the rocks. A little further on a flock of parrots flew from where they were feeding on the cones in the top of a pine tree, and were away with a great chattering and flapping of wings, the morning sun reflecting the red and green and yellow of their bodies like burnished gold. A doe and two fawns ran out from the willows and stopping on the mountain side looked back at us with their big hazel eyes as though wondering who we could be. As the day advanced the heat became oppressive. Suddenly the fish ceased to bite, the birds to sing; the cattle left the meadows and lazily trailed off into the side canyon; a flock of crows flew silently over our heads and took refuge under a projecting cliff on the mountain side. All nature had suddenly become hushed and oppressed.

We knew it was the calm which precedes the summer storm and turned hastily back to camp. As we did so the clouds rolled up over the ridges to the south like great piles of popcorn and a breeze was blowing from that direction. When we reached camp we found the horses already there backed up on the leeward side of a grove of trees. We hastily tied and threw blankets on them. The dogs whined and crept into the tent. The mocking bird flew

from his perch on the juniper tree and took refuge under a projecting rock near by. We had scarcely time to gather our camp equipment, carry it into the tent and securely tie the door when the storm broke in all its fury. The wind had increased to a gale. The clouds were black and ominous, lightning flashed and thunder rolled. Rain came down in torrents. Great hailstones fell, beating down the grass and flowers and tearing the tender branches from the trees. A bolt of lightning struck the giant dead pine just across the creek and tore it into a thousand pieces, scattering them all around us and leaving the trunk, which was strongly impregnated with pitch, burning brightly, while the storm raged. The creek, which a few minutes before had been a clear mountain stream, was a raging torrent. Trees, torn up by the roots, floated past, while great boulders, loosened from the mountain side by the rivulets which flowed everywhere, rolled down into the canyon with a noise like thunder.

Fortunately the storm was of short duration. It ceased as unexpectedly as it had come. The clouds rolled away and the sun came out and looked complaisantly down on the havoc wrought, as though it had been an uneventful autumn day.

THE INSTINCT OF MOTHERHOOD

As we stepped out into the sunshine the mocking bird flew from his shelter under the projecting block and hopped among the branches of the juniper tree, uttering notes of alarm. We went over and drawing aside the inner branches found the mother bird there upon the nest dead. True to the instinct of all flesh she had protected her young while the storm beat out her life—the little birds were safe. We took the tiny body and digging a grave at the foot of the pine tree near camp, carefully buried it. There was a grave already there, the mound of which was covered with large stones and on one side of the tree, the trunk of which had been blazed, the word "FEETE" had been marked by driving nails into the trunk, the heads only being visible. But the story of that grave would be the story of another tragedy of the woods.

Again I said: How alike we are after all. The joys and sorrows of life come to the wild things of the woods as they do to us. How much they feel and suffer by them, who can tell?

MERCY AND FORGIVENESS: Ever keep in exercise the principle of mercy, and be ready to forgive our brother on the first intimations of repentance, and asking forgiveness; and should we even forgive our brother, or even our enemy, before he repent or ask forgiveness, our Heavenly Father would be equally as merciful unto us. There is never a time when the spirit is too old to approach God.—JOSEPH SMITH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1929

EDITORIAL

A PEACE JAMBOREE

GOODWILL among men and peace among nations seemed within human reach during the first two weeks of August. Fifty thousand or more Boy Scouts, representing two score nations and all the earth's continents, made a tented city of beautiful Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, England.

Side by side were the national encampments, and arm in arm the boys of different nations paraded the improvised streets. The Far East visited the Far West, and kind eyes and helpful acts became eloquent interpreters of strange tongues. The weather was bad and beds made on the ground were hard, but the joy of knowing and loving humanity warmed hearts and made days happy. In work and play, in visiting and trading, the campers became acquainted with one another, and the more that they worked and played and traded and visited together, the more friendly they became. At the end of the two weeks, all too short, ten thousand friendships, destined to last through life, had been established.

The visitors were likewise affected. They saw that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men." The Englishwoman who slipped on the path was picked up by a German Scout; and the American woman whose dress was caught by the holly leaves as she tried to climb a fence was helped over by a dusky lad from Japan. There was gentleness in every heart, irrespective of race or creed, and none had a monopoly of it. Two veterans of the late Great War, melted in their hearts, asked two German Scouts, who happened to be Latter-day Saints, to return two pocket books, taken from enemies long since killed in battle, to the families of the dead men. Faith that peace may cover the earth streamed through the wide park gates into the hurrying world.

Association brings about understanding and drives away hatred. Friendship is a product of acquaintanceship. The International Boy Scout Jamboree brought the nations into contact, understanding came, hate departed and friendship ripened. The cause could have no other effect. Treaty-making and arbitrating tribunals have high value, but they are so far removed from those who are in conflict, that personal hearts are seldom stirred into flame. The successful general must have a loyal army. Hand-clasps go further than signatures in the promotion of peace.

The Latter-day Saints are fervent advocates of all measures for

the abolishing of war and the establishing of peace among men. Tens of thousands of "Mormons" are Boy Scouts. One of the vigorous leaders of the American delegation at the Jamboree was Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Director of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. To us, scouting and its gatherings have high spiritual values, the chief of which is the establishing of peace upon earth—the aim of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We desire to join with millions of others in extending congratulations to all who helped make a success of the Jamboree of 1929, especially to the noble and beloved Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and to the keen-visioned and kindly, though vigorous administrator, the Executive Secretary, Mr. Hubert Martin.

Let us all become acquainted: Father with son; family with neighbourhood; nation with nation—and love will destroy the ever-threatening figure of war.—W.

"MORMON" SERVICES AT THE JAMBOREE

BOY SCOUTS, local members, missionaries of the "Mormon" Church and friends, met together for religious worship and instruction, in the American camp program tent, at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, on Sunday, August 4th.

The services were held in English and German, with Elder Edwin H. Calder, of the Swiss-German Mission, interpreting. Brother John James, British Vice-Consul to Salt Lake City, Utah, who is now on holiday in England, attended and spoke. Scouts and representatives from the various missions, called upon to speak, bore fervent testimonies to the truth and value of the restored Gospel. Brother Oscar A. Kirkham, connected with the American camp, through whose aid the meeting was held, outlined the scout program and showed the connection between scouting and "Mormonism."

President Widtsoe forcefully testified to the truth of "Mormonism" and gave his blessing to those assembled. Other speakers dwelt on the value of the Boy Scout movement in the promotion of peace among the nations, and the preparing of the world for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Spirit of the Lord was present, and testified to the hearts of all, the truth of the speakers' words. True brotherhood was experienced.

On the Sunday following, Scouts from the various camps attended Sunday School and the evening meeting at 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool. These services likewise were held in English and German, with Elder Mathias C. Richards acting as interpreter. President and Sister Valentine, of the German-Austrian Mission were in attendance, and spoke. Scouts who previously had not borne their testimonies, received an opportunity. And through-

out the service the Spirit of the Lord was present in rich abundance. Much good has been accomplished and many new contacts made through the Jamboree, and through the efforts of Scouts, missionaries and friends from overseas. We are grateful for the good accomplished.

WESTON N. NORDGREN

PRESIDENT HULTERSTROM VISITS FINLAND

PRESIDENT GIDEON N. HULTERSTROM of the Swedish Mission left Stockholm, Sweden, May 10th, for Finland, which is included in the Swedish Mission. He arrived in Åbo, Finland, the following day, and later went on to Jacobstad, Finland.

Finland is a little larger than Norway, similar to northern Sweden, with many forests and "a thousand lakes." Its sturdy and progressive people include 3,300,000 Finns, but one-third of the population, living mostly along the coast and on the island Åland, are of Swedish extraction. The State religion is Lutheran, but religious freedom is enjoyed by all. The many educational institutions teach both the Swedish and Finnish languages, and most of the people in the city speak both Finnish and Swedish, as do many in the rural districts. Finland has been closely associated with Sweden, as far back as the Stone Age. Several hundred years ago it was a part of Sweden; but in the year 1809 it was taken by Russia. To-day it is a Republic, with a President elected for six years and a parliament of one chamber.

At Jacobstad President Hulterstrom was well received by Brothers Viktor J. Berg and Anselm Stromberg, who escorted him to Larsmo, about six miles distant, where he was received warmly by Saints and friends gathered at Sister Anna Stromberg's home. The Saints were true to the faith, though they had not seen a missionary since Mission President Theodore Tobiason, with two Elders, visited Finland and Russia in 1914. President Hulterstrom held five meetings in Larsmo, including a Fast Meeting. All were well attended, and the Lord's Spirit prevailed strongly.

One of the public meetings was held at the Grev Public School, which was offered free of charge, during President Hulterstrom's stay in Larsmo.

In Helsingfors, Brother and Sister J. M. Lindlov were located, who had recently left Russia, their home for fifty-five years, after enduring unbearable persecutions. They were baptized June 11th, 1895, by the late Elder A. Joel Höglund, and have since stood true to the Gospel. Touching testimonies were borne by these two faithful Saints at the Fast Meeting held in their home. They related how the Lord has been with them and guided them, and though they had endured much for "Mormonism" they were

willing to endure more if necessary. Their experiences during the war and the following revolution, were terrible. One morning, at three o'clock, armed Russian revolutionists entered Brother and Sister Lindlov's beautiful home, and put them and their children under arrest on the accusation of "their wealth," for they were well-to-do. The parents were released due to their old age, but the children were sentenced to hard labour. Unused to such treatment, two of the children died from exposure and insufficient food; the oldest son, who survived, after he had served his time, left Russia with his parents in 1928 for Finland, where they now live in humble circumstances.

While in Helsingfors, President Hulterstrom presented the City Library, through Mr. Uno Therman, Librarian, with a Book of Mormon and two other Church books.

In Portnäs, Brother and Sister Herman Sjöberg and family were happily surprised, as no word had been previously sent them regarding the visit. A meeting was held, and baptisms, ordinations, and blessings were performed.

Then President Hulterstrom journeyed by rail toward Moskwa, Russia, but was stopped at Rajajoki, a border city. Armed Russian soldiers, who regarded him as a spy, refused him entrance. However, he forwarded a Book of Mormon and two other Church books to the City Library of Moskwa. He returned via Helsingfors, Finland, and flew in a sea-plane from Helsingfors to Stockholm, where he arrived safely, thankful to the Lord for the success, protection and guidance he had received.

During this historical trip seven meetings were held; five children were blessed; six persons were baptized; two ordinations were performed; one organization was created; and many books, tracts, and pamphlets were disposed of.

HUGO M. ERICKSON, Mission Secretary

SUMMER CONFERENCE IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

THURSDAY EVENING, June 27th, 1929, the Swedish Mission held a Summer Conference. The Chapel, beautifully decorated with leaves and summer flowers, was filled with people.

Many prominent American and Swedish citizens were present, among them European Mission President John A. Widtsoe, Sister Leah D. Widtsoe, Miss Eudora Widtsoe, Elder Richard L. Evans, Mission President Gideon N. Hulterstrom, Sister Signe L. Hulterstrom, United States Consul General John Ball Osborne, Mrs. Alice Dillenbeck-Grantlam, representative for the American Red Cross Organization in Sweden, and also First Vice-President of the American Women's Organization in Sweden,

Miss Betty Read from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., a prominent political journalist; Mr. Erik Englund, representative for the United States Steamship Lines Company; and the thirty missionaries labouring in the Swedish Mission.

President Hulterstrom was the first speaker, followed by Sister Leah D. Widtsoe and President John A. Widtsoe. The speakers discoursed on the principles of the Gospel and stressed the work of the Prophet Joseph Smith who was martyred eighty-five years ago that day. The American Consul General, Mr. John Ball Osborne, the last speaker, in a splendid and kindly address spoke of the Americans in Europe and of the good character of the "Mormon" missionaries.

The following day was devoted to a missionary meeting in which every missionary bore his testimony, related experiences, and asked questions concerning the Gospel. Wonderful and valuable instructions were given by President and Sister Hulterstrom and the visitors from Liverpool. A dinner was served at the close of this meeting by the Stockholm Branch Relief Society.

At eight o'clock that evening another well attended public meeting was held in which the M. I. A. and Relief Society work was explained. Sister Endora Widtsoe spoke of the Bee-Hive work.

Sister Leah D. Widtsoe then spoke of the Relief Society, its growth, and work. President Widtsoe explained the mission of the Church and the first principles of the Gospel, and the use of "Mormonism" in every-day life.

Saturday morning a missionary group picture was taken, after which all assembled at the Central Station to bid our honoured guests farewell.

Saturday evening a well attended meeting was held, and on Sunday, three meetings were held in which the Spirit of the Lord was richly poured out, as every missionary bore witness to the Gospel truths. The Summer Conference of 1929 will long be remembered. Good results have already been obtained; the press was very friendly to our esteemed guests. During the conference the visitors and missionaries were the guests of several of the Saints, who provided luncheons, which were greatly appreciated. The singing of the splendid choir was one of the features of the conference, and favourably commented upon by the speakers and all present.

The next day, the missionaries returned to their respective fields of labour, glad to have been present at the conference, feeling encouraged to carry on their fight for the truth, and rejoicing for the sacred privilege of representing the Most High God. Great be the Glory of our God from whom all blessings come!

HUGO M. ERICKSON, Mission Secretary

BUILT BY WILLING HANDS

SURROUNDED by lakes and heavy forest, lies the little village of Selbongen, East Prussia, with its some six hundred members. To this picturesque spot, some years ago, the Gospel of Jesus Christ came, and a branch of the Church was raised up. It was here, also, that on July 14th, 1929, the first chapel erected within the German-Austrian Mission, was dedicated, by Mission President Hyrum W. Valentine.

For a long time, members of the Selbongen Branch had felt keenly the need for a better place of meeting, than the hall they were able to secure. The desire for a Church-owned and Church-erected chapel had many times been expressed, but it was not until February, 1929, that any definite steps were taken to secure one. At that time, when the conference was held in the village, President Valentine met with the Saints and discussed the feasibility and responsibility of erecting a chapel. Rough plans were drawn up, estimates on the cost of erection secured, and the plot of land upon which the chapel now stands, was donated for the purpose by Brother Adolf Kruscka.

On April 27th, under the direction of Brother Fischer, the corner-stone of the edifice was laid, in the presence of Saints and friends from the community round about. Then the work began in earnest. The brethren, who are tradesmen, willingly donated their time and talents as best they might; unskilled labour was done by others, without cost of any kind. The sisters supplied food and encouragement to the builders, and gave the work a festive air by providing socials for the labourers. Not a drop of rain fell from the time the work was started until the roof was fully finished, but immediately afterwards, a soaking rain blessed the countryside.

The chapel commands an unobstructed view of the entire village, being built upon an eminence, and is truly a monument to the unselfish cooperation and magnanimous spirit of the Saints who built it. It truly stands a house of the Lord.

Class rooms, facilities for checking wraps, and other modern conveniences are features of the chapel. A large picture of the Prophet Joseph Smith, bordered with the words: "Die Herrlichkeit Gottes ist Intelligenz," adds to the beauty of the hall. A fine pulpit, bordered with potted oleanders—and other necessary equipment, have been donated by members. A small stage, suitable for lantern slide lectures, dramatic presentations, and other needs, promises educational and social development. It is bordered on either side with small dressing or waiting rooms.

Having taken but slightly over two months in the construction, the chapel was ready to be dedicated early in July. On the day of dedication, a morning Priesthood meeting was held; luncheon was served to missionaries and visitors by sisters of the branch;

and a general meeting of joy and dedication occupied the afternoon. The dedicatory prayer, culminating long, hard work, and fervent prayer on the part of all interested, was the main and closing event of the afternoon session, and was offered by Mission President Hyrum W. Valentine, of the German-Austrian Mission. Thanksgiving and rejoicing filled the hearts of all in attendance. Two hundred and seven persons attended the dedicatory service, and each felt the presence of the Spirit of the Lord.

During the day, two persons were baptized in an adjacent lake; one brother was ordained to the Priesthood, and one was advanced in the Priesthood; these events, naturally, added to the spirit of the occasion.

The chapel is a testimony of active harmony and cooperation among the Saints. May it serve its purposes well!

WAYLAND HAND, District President, Weimar District

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Transfers: The following missionaries have been transferred from and to the Districts specified: William T. Shipley, Jun., Nottingham to Leeds; Kendall H. Curtis, Leeds to Nottingham.

Elders for the Czecho-Slovak Mission—Arthur Gaeth, recently released from the German-Austrian Mission.

Transferred from the Swiss-German Mission: Alvin G. Carlson and Joseph I. Hart.

Transferred from the German-Austrian Mission: Willis H. Hayward, Wallace F. Toronto and Charles Josie.

Releases and Departures: The following missionaries have been honorably released and have sailed for their homes in America: Earl D. Hone—Manchester and Birmingham Districts—released on July 11th, and Eli Anthon Clayson—Nottingham and Birmingham Districts—released on July 23rd, sailed from Cherbourg aboard the *George Washington* on August 8th; Samuel Hill—Central States Mission, Newcastle and Leeds Districts—released on July 1st, sailed aboard the *George Washington* from Southampton on August 8th.

Arrivals and Assignments—The following missionaries arrived at Liverpool on July 29th, aboard the *Cedric*; they have been thus assigned:

For the British Mission: Conrad A. Johnson, Logan, Utah, to the London District.

For the French Mission: Austin Edwin Fife, Logan, Utah; Wendell Snow Gibbs, Salt Lake City, Utah.

For the Swiss-German Mission; Ray Longstroth Richards, Salt Lake City, Utah.

For the Swedish Mission: Eric A. L. Ohlson, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The following missionaries arrived at Liverpool on August 3rd, aboard the *Duchess of Atholl*; they have thus been assigned:

For the British Mission: Wendell B. Price, Phoenix, Arizona, to the Hull District; Ralph William Oborn, Ogden, Utah, to the Liverpool District; William Chaston, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Liverpool District; Stephen Douglas Howells, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the London District; Andrew Reed Cluff, Huntington Park, California, to the Manchester District; Ralph Clemence Fletcher, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Manchester District; Lorin Daniels, Malad City, Idaho, to the Newcastle District; Colin McKay Edward, Ogden, Utah, to the Newcastle District; Ural Shippick, South Jordan, Utah, to the Newcastle District; Myrthns Wesley Evans, Malad City, Idaho, to the Norwich District; Marvel Farrel Anderson, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Nottingham District; Walter Layton Barlow, Bonntiful, Utah, to the Nottingham District; Kenner B. Clayton, Provo, Utah, to the Sheffield District; Edwin Ronald Jones, Malad City, Idaho, to the Sheffield District.

Doings in the District: Birmingham—On Monday, August Bank Holiday, the Handsworth Branch Sunday School members enjoyed an outing at Sutton Park, near Birmingham.

At a baptismal service held at Handsworth, Birmingham, on August 10th, three persons were baptized by Elders Alvin G. Pack, H. Grant Vest and President Edward L. Blacker, and were confirmed by Mission President A. William Lund and Elder Clifton G. M. Kerr.

Bristol—The Bristol District M. I. A. contest was held on August 5th at Stroud, Gloucestershire. Members from each branch competed in debating, poetry and essay writing, humorous and dramatical readings, the giving of musical selections, and in public speaking. The spirit of friendly rivalry and good will was much in evidence. The prize of the day, a large golden oak shield, artistically decorated in green and gold, was awarded to the Bristol Branch. The other branches deserve mention, both for their excellent growth and for their fine showing in the contest. Nearly one hundred per cent. of the Mutual members of the District attended the meet.

Liverpool—A special M. I. A. program was held in the Liverpool Branch on Wednesday, August 14th. Brother Oscar A. Kirkham outlined M. I. A. activities and led in community singing. Mission presidents and their wives, from the various European missions were present.

On Sunday evening, August 18th, a special meeting was held in Durham House chapel, Liverpool, at which presidents of European missions spoke. About twenty-five visitors were present. The Spirit of the Lord was manifestly present, and all felt well paid

for attending the service. Others of the mission presidents spoke at Oldham.

Norwich—The Lowestoft, Ipswich and Norwich Branches met at the Lowestoft Denes on Monday, August 5th, in a conjoint M. I. A. outing. Novelty prizes were given winners of the games played, and a luncheon was later served in the Lowestoft chapel. Community singing was an event of the day.

Nottingham—The “Misk,” near Hucknall, was the centre of attraction for one hundred seventy-five M. I. A. members and their friends from the Nottingham District, on August 5th. Various contests took place during the day, which showed excellent preparation and a fine spirit of friendly competition among District members.

LABOUR'S WORTH

LET LABOUR boldly walk abroad
 And take its place with kings,
 For who has laboured more than God,
 The Maker of all things?

The time has come, aye, even now it is,
 To rank that parable in Genesis
 Of God's great curse of labour placed on man,
 With other hopeful tales. Why, He began
 All work Himself! He was so full of force
 He flung the solar systems on their course
 And builded worlds on worlds; and, not content,
 He labours still; when mighty suns are spent,
 He forges on His white-hot anvil—space—
 New stars to tell His glory and His grace.

Who most achieves is most like God, I hold;
 The idler is the black sheep in the fold.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

CONTENTS

Early Day Events in Canyon	Finland	538
Country... ..	Summer Conference in Stock-	529
Editorials: A Peace Jamboree... 536	holm, Sweden	539
“Mormon” Services at the	Built by Willing Hands... ..	541
Jamboree	From the Mission Field	542
537	Poetry: Labour's Worth	544
President Hulterstrom Visits		

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN A. WIDTSOE, 295 EDGE LANE

LIVERPOOL

FOR SALE IN ALL THE DISTRICTS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
 LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN